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MELCHIZEDEK AND HIS MORAL

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The Disciples' Pulpit.

Under this title there will be published once a month one of James Freeman Clarke's sermons. It is not proposed that the sermon published shall always be of most recent date; but the selection will be left to Dr. Clarke, and, so far as possible, special attention will be paid to the needs of the Post-office Missions.

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Six numbers have been issued, and are now ready for delivery: —

I. The Mutual Obligations of Science and Religion.

II. From Faith to Faith.

III. A Happy New Year.

IV. The Ministry of the Letter, and the Ministry of the Spirit.

V. A Sermon on Scolding.

VI. Melchizedek and his Moral.

GEO. H. ELLIS, *Publisher*,

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MELCHIZEDEK AND HIS MORAL.

"A priest forever after the order of Melchizedek."—PSALM CX., 4.

THE mysterious person called Melchizedek has been treated and maltreated by typologists to that extent that nearly all human meaning has gone out of him; and to most imaginations he appears as a mythical character, half theological and half supernatural.

When a man comes to be regarded as a type,—that is, merely the shadow of some one else, cast backward,—his interest to sensible persons must be very much diminished. Now, our poor friend Melchizedek has been triumphantly claimed by all type-loving writers as a type; that is, an incarnated prophecy of Christ, sent two thousand years before his coming, to signify what sort of a person he should be. Believing this, the whole man becomes a fantastic apparition, and ceases to belong to history.

But if we can show that Melchizedek was a real human being, belonging to his time and place, such as are still to be found in that region, and that he was in no sense a type of Christ, or sent to foreshadow him, but that he and Christ were both types of one great law and illustrations of one divine truth, then we think we shall have restored a little interest to this old Arab priest and king by relegating him to the ranks of our common humanity.

The first mistake made about him is to assume that "Melchizedek, King of Salem," gives us the name and residence of the man: whereas both are his official titles. His name we do

not know: we only know his office and his title. "King of Justice and King of Peace,"—this is his designation. His office, as we believe, was to be umpire among the chiefs of neighboring tribes. By deciding the questions which arose among them according to equity, he received his title of "King of Justice." By thus preventing the bloody arbitrament of war, he gained the other name, "King of Peace." All questions, therefore, as to where "Salem" was fall to the ground. Salem means "peace": it does not mean the place of his abode.

But, in order to settle such disputes, two things were necessary: first, that the surrounding Bedouin chiefs should agree to take him as their arbiter; and, secondly, that some sacredness should attach to his character, and give authority to his decisions. Like others in those days, he was both king and priest (see, for example, *Æneid.* IX., 327: "Rex idem, et regi Turno gratissimus augur"); but he was priest "of the Most High God,"—not of the local gods of the separate tribes, but of the God whom *their* gods worshipped. That he was the acknowledged arbiter of surrounding tribes appears from the fact that Abraham paid him tithes out of the spoils. It is not likely that Abraham did this, if there were no precedent for it; for he regarded the spoils as belonging, not to himself, but to the confederates in whose cause he fought. No doubt it was the custom, as in the case of Delphos, to pay tithes to this supreme arbiter; and, in doing so, Abraham was simply following the custom.

All this is so natural and probable, the wonder is that we do not find it in our Bible Dictionaries and Commentaries. Neither Smith, Robinson, nor Schenkel mentions it.

Having come by independent study to this view of the meaning of Melchizedek, I became confirmed in my view when I found in the Jewish traveller Wolff a statement that in Mesopotamia a similar custom prevails at the present time. One

sheik is selected from the rest, on account of his superior probity and piety, and becomes their "King of Peace and Righteousness." A similar custom, I am told, prevails among some American tribes. Indeed, where society is organized by clans, subject to local chiefs, some such arrangement seems necessary to prevent perpetual feuds.

This personage, whose office I have stated, appears three times in the Bible: once, historically, in the Book of Genesis; once, poetically, by allusion in the Psalms; and once, logically, in the Epistle to the Hebrews.

He appears, historically, for a moment in the story of Abraham, blessing him after battle. It would be a very strange thing for him to do, unless he had some such official position as I have suggested. He comes from no one knows where, goes no one knows whither, his residence not mentioned, his name not known, his descent not described nor recorded. The reference to him in the Book of Psalms and in the Epistle to the Hebrews I will consider hereafter; but now I shall try to accomplish my purpose of giving some color and vitality to our friend, who figures, even in Stanley, as a semi-spectral character, wrapped round, as he says, "in that mysterious obscurity which has rendered his name the symbol of all such sudden, abrupt apparitions, the interruptions, the dislocations, if one may so say, of the ordinary even succession of cause and effect." Let us, then, read again the story of Abraham and Melchizedek.

Not far from the great range of Mt. Caucasus, which rises like an enormous wall, running from the Caspian to the Black Sea, lie the head waters of the Euphrates and Tigris. There, four thousand years ago, lived a Bedouin sheik, among the Chaldees, whom men called, for his piety, "the Friend of God," or sometimes, more reverentially, "the Friend." Among those Arab tribes manners do not change. We know how he lived then,— how he rested at noon in his black tent, with his chief's

cloak of brilliant scarlet, a loose handkerchief bound round his head with a fillet of rope, and a spear in his hand to guide the march by day and fix the place of the camp at evening. His wife, the princess of the tribe, is there in her own tent, making the cakes, getting ready the meal of milk and butter. The slave is there, to bring the soup of lentils for the hunter. The great telescope at Cambridge brings the moon to within a hundred miles of us; but the telescope of history, as we look through it, brings up that little picture of "the Friend of God" from four thousand years away, and we see him face to face. This good man lived among idolaters. He could not worship their gods. He used to look at the great heavens at night, studded with unnumbered stars, and saw that there was one great Supreme Being, who made, as Napoleon said, "all that." It was borne into his mind that he must go away and find a place where he could live far from idols, and bring up his children to worship one great God,— the God of the heavens and earth. And then the vision dawned on him of a nation of whom he should be the father,— all worshipping the one great God. At last, the voice in his soul spoke so strongly that he must obey. He told the servants to load the camels; and he left his home, his old neighbors, the familiar sight of the snowy mountain range, the blue waters of the lonely mountain lake, and moved away.

The same thing happens every year in each of our New England villages. Young men and men of middle age are moved to go out West, and found a new home; and they go. Sometimes, doubtless, it is the voice of mere ambition; but often it is a secret instinct telling them that their work in the world is not merely to carry on the old routine, but to go to some larger, freer place, and there find out what they can do for God and man. They believe the inner instinct, and go. So Abraham believed, and went.

One thing he believed; and to this belief he clung throughout his life,— a belief in something not seen. He had no out-

ward evidence of it, only the deep conviction of his soul, that the land of Palestine should belong to his family and descendants forever; that his descendants should be like the stars of heaven in number, and that he should be the Father of the Faithful. In that conviction he lived, and in that conviction he died. All the land he owned in Palestine when he died was just a little piece of ground which he had bought for Sarah's tomb to stand on. All the great family he believed were coming was comprised in one son, the child of his old age. He lived by faith, he died in faith: his faith was "the substance of things hoped for" and "the evidence of things not seen." The only evidence he had of his great hope was that he could not help believing it. But if he had not believed it, and believed it so firmly, it never would have come. If he had thought it wise, as men do now, to believe only in positive knowledge, and trust only the evidence of his five senses, he would have lived and died an Arab sheik in Mesopotamia, and never been heard of after. He would not have been the "Friend of God" nor the "Father of the Faithful" through all time.

When Abraham had been some time in Palestine, news came to him that his nephew Lot had been robbed, and his family carried off by a body of robber-tribes, who had made a raid into the rich valley of the Jordan, and plundered the city of Sodom. Abraham, generous and loyal heart, would not forsake his friend, the rich merchant of Sodom, but armed his servants, pursued the plunderers, and, when they were expecting no such danger, fell on them suddenly in the gray dawn, attacking their camp on two sides at once, and took back Lot and all the captives and plunder. And now comes the incident in which we are chiefly interested.

The wild tribes of the desert, knowing no law but their own will, are yet forced, as we have said, by the absolute necessities of human life to organize justice in some loose form. Then,

as now, they adopted the custom of selecting some arbiter of their disputes. They chose a man for his justice and piety, — finding one who was true to God and to his neighbor. Him they called their Melchi-zedek and Melchi-Salem,— their "King of Justice and Peace,"— and made him their judge of international law. To show his approval of Abraham's course in this matter, he gave bread and wine to the party, and pronounced a blessing on the whole proceeding "in the name of the Most High God, Possessor of heaven and earth." And Abraham, in corresponding token of a recognition of his position, gave him tithes of the spoils.

Thus far, all is human and natural in the transaction. The question now comes of the references to the event in the Psalms and in Hebrews.

The one hundred and tenth Psalm would no doubt be supposed to refer to David, were not the Messianic character ascribed to it, apparently, by Christ himself (Matt. xxii., 41, and the parallels). The whole Psalm seems a triumphant ascription to David of great victories and conquests. Neander, however, says that, if Jesus named David as its author, we are not shut up to the alternative of detracting from his infallibility or admitting that David really wrote it, since the question of authorship was immaterial to his purpose.

The Psalm ascribes the power of royal conquest to the help of Jehovah. The king's sceptre reaches out of Zion, the holy habitation of God. His enemies are subject, his people submissive. The dew of youth returns to him. He has become priest and king at once. He sits on the right hand of God, for Zion holds both royal palace and the holy tabernacle.

Jehovah smites before him the hostile kings. He marches on his way, drinking of the brooks freely in the land of his foes, and filling their valleys with the slain.

Here, in this Psalm, first occurs the phrase of which the writer to the Hebrews afterward made such good use. David,

or the son of David, is a priest, not after the order of Aaron, but after that of Melchizedek. He could not be a priest genealogically; for he was descended from Judah, not from Levi. But he could be a priest spiritually, just as Melchizedek was a true priest, though without any genealogy,— having neither father nor mother, having no pedigree, his birth not mentioned, his death not mentioned,— without beginning of days or end of life.

Thus, it appears that even as far back as the times of David the prophetic spirit which inspired this Psalm taught that there were two kinds of priests,— the priests by tradition and the priests by inspiration. These two kinds have always continued, and exist to-day, both of them useful, but the inspired priesthood alone being the Christian priesthood, the other a pale reminiscence of Judaism.

Look first at the priesthood of tradition, or of Aaron. This appears in history in the three forms of a Genealogical Priesthood, a Corporate Priesthood, and a Clergy.

The priesthood of Aaron was transmitted by generation. To be a priest, one must be born a priest, just as to be a British nobleman one must be born of a British nobleman. It was, therefore, necessary to keep accurate genealogical tables, so as to be sure that the tradition of hereditary qualities by birth might be secured.

This is the most absolute form of the priesthood of tradition, and it is probably based on the observed fact that there are hereditary qualities which are transmissible in families. The superiority of certain races, in men and animals, has long been observed. Hence, even to this day, the wool-growers of Syria pack with their bales of wool a copy of the pedigree of the flock from which it came; and the Arabs religiously preserve the pedigree of their horses. The sons of a good man are more likely, other things being equal, to be good men. This genealogical priesthood has even appeared in Puritan New England; and

certain families, like the Abbots, Allens, Beechers, Stearns, Peabodys, seem to constitute almost an hereditary priesthood,

The Corporate priesthood does not claim to transmit qualities by birth, but by admission into a close corporation. This is the claim of the Roman Catholic priesthood, the High Church of England, and some Oriental bodies, as the Greek Church, Copts and Armenians. One becomes a priest by being in the corporate line of transmissible qualities. These are not transmitted by generation, but by ceremonial contact. The question to ask, in order to know whether a man be really a priest, is this: Has he been properly admitted into the corporation by the customary ceremonies?

Now there is a certain foundation even for this view. Every corporate body has its own spirit, into which its members are more or less baptized. By association, by intercourse, by belonging to the brotherhood, some spiritual qualities are communicated and received. Thus, in the Methodist body there is a certain tone of Methodism; in the Unitarian body, a Unitarian tone; and so on. And so long as the distinction between clergy and laity exists, so long there remains something of the priesthood of Aaron, or tradition, though only in its lowest forms.

Here, in New England, the clergy has, from the earliest times, been distinguished from the laity by certain palpable signs, transmitted by fashion and example from age to age. Some sobrieties of dress, of tone, of manner, indicate the minister. Even his pronunciation, in some denominations, seems affected by his ecclesiastical character. Thus, we observe that there is a ministerial way of pronouncing the adjective "great," as though it were written "gra-a-ate." And so, also, it is thought clerical to say "Sabbath" instead of Sunday, or to remark, "We have been favored with fine weather lately," instead of the more secular statement, "Nice time for the crops."

Now there may be some advantages about this transmitted

fashion of clerical behavior. The clerical neckcloth has disappeared. No minister now walks through the streets of Boston on Sunday with his black gown floating to the breeze. Yet it may be well for ministers to have a deportment somewhat toned down by the serious work of their lives, and we cannot admire the efforts made by some of the clergy to escape the least suspicion of the manners of their order.

However valuable may be the priesthood of transmission, it is certain that Jesus did not have this. He came eating and drinking, talking, working, dining with Pharisees and publicans, making himself the friend of Samaritans and sinners, making wine for the marriage, and violating the Levitical law concerning the Sabbath, ablutions, and distinctions of meats. His priesthood was plainly meant to be different from that of Aaron. It was original throughout.

This separation of Jesus from the old ways has never been adequately recognized. It is one of the most amazing facts in history,—this radicalism, so thorough, and yet so quiet.

The world is carried on by these two great forces,— inspiration and method. Inspiration makes all things new. Method gathers up, arranges, and saves every old thing of value. We need them both. Inspiration finds the way: method builds a road on it when found. One is soul; the other, body. But method is apt to become hard and rigid after a while, and so has to be broken up. Method is excellent when it is a track, bad when it becomes a rut. It is a good thing in crossing the great Western prairies, where there is neither road, fence, farm, nor house, only one great rolling ocean of green and flowers,— it is a good thing to have a track to follow. But when this track, going through wet places, becomes deep ruts, we leave it, and drive out into the open prairie, making a new track for ourselves. So, from time to time, when method grows too rigid, and order becomes a stiff routine; when religion, education, or politics get into ruts,— we must fall back on inspiration, and

make a new pathway through the unknown toward truth and good.

Some very good methods had been established in the Jewish Church. The institution of the priesthood was such a method. It put a stop to polytheism, idolatry, and to the worship of a multitude of local gods, by having one great central worship at Jerusalem, so grand and imposing that in every Jewish mind it made Jehovah supreme. It made an order of priests whose interests, whose convictions, whose habits, whose prejudices, led them to support monotheism in the whole nation. Never was ritualism carried so far, unless in the solemn and awful grandeur of the Egyptian worship. But who that saw the great festivals, the grandeur of the temple worship, the cloisters and porches,— a single one of which, the Royal Porch, with its roof borne up by a hundred and sixty-two Corinthian columns, covered an area larger than that of York minster,— the magnificent gates, plated with bronze and gold, the twenty thousand priests serving in their order in the Temple, with their gorgeous robes,— who that saw all this, humble peasant though he might be from a Galilean hill, but went home rejoicing that this great worship of Jehovah was also his, and that he, too, was a child of Abraham, Father of the Faithful and Friend of God?

But now, in the time of Jesus, the track had become a rut, and order had stiffened into hard routine. Method had lost its life; and the beautiful, warm human body had become a corpse, still beautiful perhaps, but dead.

And so Jesus became the new and great High Priest, and the head of a new priesthood, which consisted, not of those descended from Aaron, but of those who have faith in God. All Christians became kings and priests unto God, and the magnificent order of the Temple and the long descent from Aaron came to an end.

No wonder that the Hebrew Christians could not quite make up their minds to this. They missed, in the pure simplicity of

their new worship, the grand ceremonies of the old ritual. Christianity seemed bare and cold to them. Just so, to Catholics, Protestantism seems bare and cold: just so, to Orthodoxy, Liberal Christianity seems cold. It is always sad to see the end of a long line, whether of priests or nobles. Lord Chief Justice Crewe, in the time of Charles I., in pronouncing judgment in the claim to the extinct title of De Vere, almost turned a poet, and said that "his affection so stood to the continuance of that noble name that he would take hold of a twig or twine thread to uphold it; but yet," adds he, "there must be a period and end of whatever is terrene,—an end of names and dignities; and why not of De Vere? For where is Bohun? Where is Mowbray? Where is Mortimer? Nay, what is more and most of all, where is Plantagenet? They are all entombed in the urns and sepulchres of mortality."

So it happened that the Hebrew Christians, looking backward, longed for the fleshpots of their old ritual, and began to backslide. They said: "We want a priesthood. How can Christ be a priest, when he is not of the house of Aaron or tribe of Levi, but of the tribe of Judah? He is out of the true line of succession. He is out of the true order. He is not a priest in the God-established method. He may be a great prophet, but he is no true priest: therefore, he is not authorized to sacrifice or to give us the true worship. For religion has not only a soul, but also a body; and the true body is as important as the true soul. Only the Jewish priest is in the line of the true succession. If we wish to worship so as to please God, we must go back and be Jews again."

This is the identical argument which Catholics use against Protestants, and which many Episcopalians use against other Protestant denominations. They say that the body of religion is important as well as the soul; that their Church is the only true body, and out of it there are no authorized means of grace, no authentic priesthood or ministry, no divinely established wor-

ship. And by these arguments many every year are led into the Catholic Church or into the Episcopal Church.

But what was the answer of the apostle to this argument? He went straight back to the old KING-PRIEST who met Abraham, and to whom Abraham paid tithes,— the man whom we call MELCHIZEDEK, King of Righteousness and King of Peace. "Look at him!" said he. "From whom was HE descended? Where is *his* genealogy? How did *he* enter into any authorized succession? He did not come from Levi or Aaron, but the father of Levi and Aaron paid him tithes; he had no father nor mother, beginning of days nor end of life, no genealogy, no regular descent. He came from no one knows whence: he went no one knows where. How, then, was he a true priest? Because he worshipped the true God. He was made a priest, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life. And Jesus is a priest in that same divine order,— a priest forever after the order of Melchizedek."

This Melchizedek, then, is another kind of priest, different from the tribe of Levi,— not a priest because of being in the formal succession, but by being the true man; not by being in the right place, but by having the right spirit in him. His priesthood was not a matter of etiquette, regulation, constitution, or code: it came from the noble religious soul in him, which saw a Supreme God amid the idolatries which surrounded him. He was made a priest by the power of an endless life. Eternity dwelt in his soul. He stood in contact with two worlds: he saw the infinite realities of past and future roll together in the great present. He saw substance below the form, spirit within the letter, life pervading matter, God moving in the world. This made him a priest, a true priest, a priest forever; for, ten centuries after, the prophetic, poetic spirit of David saw in him the analogies of the future teacher of mankind,— priest of the whole race of men. As

this King of Justice and Peace mediated between many tribes and made them at one, so should the future priest mediate among all mankind. As he was a priest because he stood near to God, not because of any outward descent, family, or genealogy, so should it be with the coming Son of God, who was to purify the hearts of many-languaged men. And as he was a priest forever, because his spiritual qualities were never to be forgotten, so the same qualities in Christ, but of a more divine order, should uplift the souls of men through all time.

This analogy, seen by David, was caught up in the argument of the writer to the Hebrews. This is his answer to their otherwise fatal objection. He goes back of the objection, moving a previous question. "Yes," he says, "I admit freely that Jesus was no priest like your priests; but he was of a higher and nobler kind. He did a priest's work far more nobly and truly than they can do it."

The true priest is not the man who wears the cassock or gown or surplice; not the man who has Reverend before his name in the city directory; not the professional priest, member of a craft, known by his looks, tones, manners, education. This is the priest after the order of Aaron. His priesthood consists in standing in the regular place, saying the regular words, wearing the regular costume, using the regular tone, having the regular manner. His priesthood is surface priesthood. He is known by his cloth, it is said; by the kind of coat he wears.

But the real priest is the man who has the power of an endless life in his soul, by which he can bring us nearer to God. We bless him who can make us see God. We are often away from God; we have lost sight of him; it seems as if he had forgotten us. Who shall show us the way back to our Father? Whoever does this for us is our real priest after the power of a spiritual life.

There are times when forms and rules are good, and the

priest after the order of Levi is needed. I do not mean to say that order in the ministry is not expedient. But I wish to say that our great High Priest transcended these limits, and took his position on a deeper and more universal priesthood than that of form, ritual, or succession. It would have been easy for God to have caused Jesus to be born from the tribe of Levi; but Divine Providence chose otherwise, to teach us that the true priest stands on a more profound basis of reality than any church can give, derives his ordination from a holier source, is in the apostolic succession not of any limited church, but of all true teachers of the race since the world began. It seems strange that in any church men should prefer the ordination of Aaron and Levi to that of Melchizedek and Christ,— prefer legitimating a priest by studying out his genealogy, and proving that he stands in the right order of descent, to legitimating him by finding him like Melchizedek, "without father or mother, without beginning of days or end of life; made like to the Son of God, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life."

Every Christian, therefore, is a priest: every one who has faith in God as his Father and Friend can communicate that faith to others. The priesthood of Jesus is not in regularity of appointment, not in his having the right title-deeds, signed and sealed in the right way. But he is the great High Priest of the human race forever, because he was so full of the sense of God's presence and love that he has spoken to the heart of the human race, and lifted it nearer to the Father.

So he may say in truth, "No man cometh to the Father but by me." Who ever came in any other way? Before Christ, men went to Jehovah, the God of Justice; to Jupiter, the God of Power; to Brahm, the Abstract Spirit; to Boodh, the representative of the human soul struggling against the laws of Nature. They went to Science, and found, not God the Father, but God as Infinite Law; they went to Philosophy, and found

God as Reason and Cause of all things. But never, never, did they find their Father in the deepest, tenderest sense, except through Jesus; and so he became by that revelation the High Priest of the human race forever.

And so every humble soul that sees the Father, and lives in that sweet vision, becomes a priest to other souls. A sacramental power goes from the voice, the touch, the look, of one who is himself loving God. The Catholic defines sacrament as conveying grace no less than as a symbol of it. To most Protestants, sacraments are merely symbols and suggestions. But there *are* sacraments which convey grace. I call it a sacramental occasion when any soul full of the love of God and man strives to help another soul,— to purify, to elevate, to bring it to God. Something beyond the meaning of the words passes from heart to heart. Something more convincing than argument, more weighty than reason, makes of that hour a sacramental hour and of that office a priesthood. The life of God flows to us through such channels. Deeper than all depth, higher than all height, the Spirit comes through these human hearts to ours. How often has the patient, waiting love of a wife made her thought and care a priesthood to her husband, saving him from the perils of his stormy life, and bringing him at last to know and love God, and to taste the sweetness of heaven below! When the children see their parents living lives of purity, devotion, fidelity, truth, justice, honor, tenderness, what priesthood can so lift their young hearts to God as this? Therefore, the father was of old the priest; and the king, as head of the tribe, was also its priest,— traces of which customs linger through all historic records.

And, if parents may be priests to their children, so, also, may children be priests to their parents, opening to them the gateway of heaven. These tender, innocent, dependent, trusting hearts draw out all that is best in ours, and make us more simple, true, and pure. Little children in a family are God's priest-

hood there, after the order of Melchizedek, to sweeten life with something from on high.

> "Trailing clouds of glory do they come,
> From God, who is their home."

And when they vanish from our sight, when their forms are laid below the green grass, we sit by their graves under the clear October sky, and hear the dry leaves dropping on the sod; and our hearts are lifted above their common hardness and coldness, and we feel that there is something in us better than the love of money, better than the love of fame and power,—that we, too, belong to their heaven, and shall see our angels again in the presence of God and the Great High Priest of Love, Jesus Christ.

The poet used also to be called a priest; and the true poet is a priest after the order of Melchizedek, for he shows us God in the world. He teaches us to see divine beauty in all of nature. Nature is not merely a house and farm for us to live in, not merely a picture gallery for us to amuse ourselves in, not merely a museum of curiosity for us to study; but the poet, if he be a true, divinely inspired poet, shows us our Father in everything. To him Nature is full of the peace of God. He shows us, in the dawn of morning, the smile of God welcoming his children to their daily work; in the gorgeous sunset, he shows us God drawing the curtains of the evening; in the solemn fires of night, circling along their interminable paths forever, he shows us the majestic stability of God's great order; in the infinite varieties of plant, flower, tree, insect, bird, he shows the Divine Providence caring for all his creatures, painting the lily of the field and marking the fall of the sparrow. And so the poet, or the lover of nature, becomes also a priest; and his every verse is a hymn and sacramental psalm. Such a priest was Wordsworth, sanctifying the thoughts of men wherever the English language is spoken; such a priest is Whittier, filling nature and

life with a sense of God's presence. These are the priests forever after the order of Melchizedek.

So we may find our true priests everywhere, and we may ourselves all be true priests of God. If we have in us the spirit of Christ; if we see God as our Father, as the Father of all men; if, in this spirit, we learn to respect and honor all God's children; if we carry in our hearts, wherever we go, an unfailing trust that God is around us, and that he is always ready to come into our hearts by the holy influence of his Spirit,— we shall find a priesthood in Nature, in events, in life; and we shall carry that holy and sanctifying influence to others. In religion, before all things, are spirit and truth. The true creed is not that which our fathers signed, but that to which our own minds assent. The only liturgy worth keeping is that by which we can worship God in spirit and in truth. The only priest who can help us to approach God is the man or woman or child who has a living faith in God, and speaks out of that. We want and need order, but not so much the order of Aaron as of Melchizedek,— the order which establishes justice and maintains peace; the order of childlike hearts, of those who become as little children, to see God; the order of sincere infancy, of honest goodness, of the love which is in daily life, of the generous heart which forgets its own good in the good of others, of the truth which is loyal to the end amid mistakes, censure, failure. This is the DIVINE ORDER which the Lord Jesus has brought to us from his Father and ours. This is the New Jerusalem, which comes down out of heaven to man; this is the priesthood which lasts forever. The priesthood of Aaron passes away: the priesthood of the soul endures always.

> The old Jerusalem was built apart,
> And in it men sought God in doubt and fear:
> The New Jerusalem is in our heart,
> And cometh down from God to make heaven here.

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